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# THE WATCH TOWER

VOLUME X

ROCK ISLAND, ILL. MARCH 1919

NUMBER 3

## CONTENTS



**1919**

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For Reference  
Not To Be Taken From  
This Room

# America Must Finish the Job

There can be no honorable celebrating of peace in this country until America has paid to the last dollar every war debt she owes. America must stand "steel-true, blade straight" before the eyes of her people — and before the world.

The stupendous war preparations made by America took the heart out of Germany's resistance. And before our preparations could end, the war ended.

We must pay now for these war materials. They brought the war to a quick finish. We can spend dollars now instead of spending lives — how cheap the cost!

You are an American and your country's debt is your debt. Pour into her treasury every dollar you can spare. It is only a loan, and it is on interest for you.

You are sharing in your country's victory — share in her burden.

The money from **the Victory Liberty Loan** will pay the bills.

How much will you subscribe?

## Invest in the Victory Liberty Loan

This space contributed to the Government by THE WATCH TOWER



Glowing Displays at McCabe's  
Offer Reliable Guidance to the  
Newest Whims of Fashion

THIS is a Store so alert in fashion matters that it is always the first store in Rock Island to show the new styles.

---

Misses' New Coats

Misses' New Frocks

Misses' New Suits

Misses' New Hats

Correct dress accessories for Spring attire — New  
Veils, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery and Handbags.

---

For the Young Man —

- ¶Silk and madras shirts in new styles and colors.
  - ¶The very last word in smart, fashionable neckwear.
  - ¶Silk and lisle hosiery, plain colors and novelties.
  - ¶Sweater coats in all weights and variety of colors.
  - ¶Gloves, handkerchiefs, collars and all furnishings.
- 

**L.S. McCabe & Co.**  
— ROCK ISLAND, ILL. — THIRD AVENUE  
THROUGH TO SECOND —



# THE WATCH TOWER

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ROCK ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 AND 50.

Entered at the Post Office of Rock Island, Ill., as second class matter.

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## FRESHMEN.

Freshmen, the Rock Island High School takes this opportunity to welcome you. We wish you well in your school career.

To every student upon entering school comes the perplexing question of getting into the full swing of high school life. Begin well—a good beginning is half. Find out now what you are going to do after leaving school and then get into the right channel. Many a promising career is marred by a wrong beginning. Lack of the correct preparation for a business or calling leads to a retarded success or frequently to utter failure. So, Freshmen, secure now a clear, definite aim.

Get started, too, in the social affairs of your school. Don't lag behind just because you are Freshmen. Soon you will be the leaders, then it will be too late for you to begin to learn.

Go in for all contests: debating, declamation. Become an active member of the different organizations. If you are called upon to perform some task, do it in the very best way you know. Make your classmates sit up and take notice. If you can do this, you are on the right path, and when you have reached your goal, you will have found success.

## SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School spirit, red pepper, spicy ginger—that's the Rock Island High School. She is bubbling over, but it is with *real* enthusiasm.

The students are modern, wide-awake Rip Van Winkles. They have had their little sleep, now they are *doing* things. They are experiencing true high school life, for they are making themselves a part of it; they are giving their all.

The trip to Galesburg is a true example of the Rock Island High School's spirit. Not because she came back the victors. No! but because the rooters stood by the players in the very dark of the fight. They gave all the cheer, encouragement, faith that was in them. They fought the fear and discouragement which was pricking their minds. Never once did the Rock Island rooters lose heart and fail to give their all.

Such unfailing support on the part of the students will build up a better and more successful school; one that will be looked up to by others as an example of what real, true school spirit can do.

Let us not, in the future, slide back into our former ways, but let us, rather, increase our efforts even more.

## THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY.

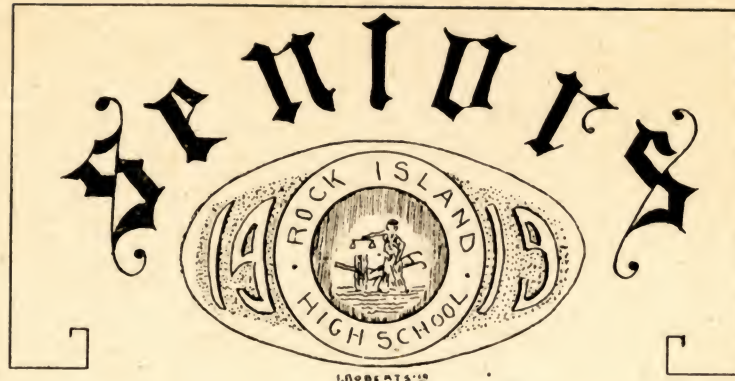
"The Fortune Hunter," the Senior class play, will be given April 24 and 25 at the Illinois Theatre. Students, do you fully realize what that means? Do you know that 1,401 tickets must be sold or the play will not be a success?

Yes, it is the Senior class play; but nevertheless the whole high school is responsible for the outcome, and its success or failure will reflect credit or discredit upon the entire school. It is up to you to say whether the outcome shall or shall not be a success.

Come on, students, get behind this big venture. Show your spirit in this phase of your school life, too.

Advertise the play. Then *sell* tickets!





### Peace.

AGNES ALGIE, '19.

I hear the birds at dawn  
With sweetly caroled note;  
The lark's transcendent song  
That once my heart-strings smote  
Now brings me joy,  
Nor, sobbing, fills my throat.

Old songs that memories wake  
In melancholy strain;  
Sweet music of the past  
I've tried to sing in vain  
Now pleasure brings,  
Nor stabs my heart with pain.

The twilight's fragrant breath  
Has power to still my fears;  
The calm of star-lit sky  
My clouded vision clears;  
The night wind's cry  
Now brings no burning tears.

### Eavesdropping.

You and I are wee sma' mousies, dear reader, perched way up on top of a locker in "Chicken Coop Lane." Down the hall trips the fair Spinster Club gaily laughing and chatting. But, dear, oh! now they're going to stop and right here in front of us. Dip your head down, little mousie friend, and hide; there is no time to scamper off.

"What's this I hear about Dick Sinn deserting the Bachelor Club? His face is a perfect sunbeam these days."

"Yes, indeed, and Snap deserves all the credit, too. Monday morning the first thing that met our eyes was the big 'E' shining out boldly from her middy, and with an abashed chuckle Snap 'fessed up that she is now an honorary member of the Emanon."

Well, isn't that lovely! But say, girls, have you seen Marion's new pet? A real live Teddy. Walks, talks, 'n' mostly everything."

"Oh, yes, and Marion just loves that Teddy."

"Oh, girls, I heard the best! Francis was either lost, strayed, or stolen the other evening. After a dreadful search of hours, they found him at last awful far from home, and an unwelcome victim of two sweet little Junior 'vamps.' Ray was caught in the mesh, too, but he managed to escape at nine o'clock."

"Honestly? *Awful!* What do you suppose a little Freshie said to me? 'Is Ray Rietz Reid Ray or Reid Ray Ray Rietz?'"

"Say, Keith and Kaupke had a dress rehearsal at her house the night before the Mixer."

"Oh, was that the joke about Kaupke's blue silk dress?"

"What's that noise?"

"I didn't hear anything. Calm yourself. Did you know that Reid found some hamburgers at his door when he was in Galesburg? He couldn't imagine where they came from. But I know—a treat from the girls!"

"Humph! They say there's a music room at the Hotel Custer. Bert and Werner fell in love with it."

"Oh-h-h! The girls could hardly sleep those nights at Galesburg. Every few minutes there were bumps from the boys' rooms above just like someone falling out of bed— Oh! Oh! There's a *mouse!* Run, girls, run!"

### BEFORE BOOK REPORT.

Dick Dopp: "Oh, I've read that book."

Mic.: "What else have you read?"

Dick: "Hair."



## Reverie.

BY A SENIOR.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak  
each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice  
in the darkness,  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak  
one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness  
again and a silence."

My book dropped and I leaned back in my chair drowsily. I had lost interest in the book, but those four lines seemed fixed in my mind. Gradually my thoughts wandered back over the years of my life to the friends who had been like "Ships that pass in the night." As I reviewed the different ones, those I had met in my travels, my college friends, and my high school class-mates, there appeared before my eyes that table surrounded as it was by the members of the class of '19 at our farewell banquet. We had received our diplomas and it was the last time we were together. They were all there, the members of that illustrious class. Our golden-haired, blue-eyed president, a little weary because of the strenuous duties of commencement week, but nevertheless very much there as usual. Victoria Wilhelm, the girl who had dogged our life until she had succeeded in separating each of us from a hard-earned dollar, sat with supreme satisfaction written all over her face, for she had come out on top. At one end of the table Francis Dunn and Paul Parker argued with Dick Simm and Reid Ray as to

the outcome of their contest in Physics grades and neckties. Not far from the argument was Snap, her laugh ringing even to the remote corners of the room as it had rung through the whole school for four years. Relief seemed to characterize Dot Eberhardt that night, and well it might for her WATCH TOWER worries were over. Howard Holcomb was still the obliging soda fountain clerk with a smile for everybody. Idwall Roberts drawing pictures on the tablecloth with his fork entertained all those around him. Rose Ziffrin and Ruth Burch continuously discussed Caesar's policy in dealing with the Aeduians as they had discussed it all their senior year. Keith and Dick were together as usual, Keith with all the dignity of a retiring Associated Student president and Dick with the same happy greeting for everybody. Dorothy Kaupke at the piano, where she was usually to be found, and the Senior String club helped us out when we sang our class song, and oh, how we sang. Yes, they were all there, each and every one. Suddenly I heard a bell. What was it? The dismissal bell? Surely not! Then I recalled it was the telephone and rose to go to answer it.

Seniors! Diplomacy before diplomas.

Miss Grady: "Why are you tardy?"

Lee Holcombe: "Guess class must have started before I got here."

Werner Greve: "Gee, Bert's crazy about me."





# JUNIORS

## 20

### Injured Feelings.

Did you ask me to take in a cat? Good heavens, no!

Why? Because I am done with cats or kittens forever. You ask me why? Well, listen to this then.

I was riding along on my bicycle one summer's day enjoying the nice quiet and the beautiful scenery that lay before me, changing with every turn in the road. Suddenly I became conscious of an uncanny sound. What under the sun was that infernal noise? Why didn't somebody hurry up and die and not make such a fuss about it? I tried to think where I had heard such squallings before. I thought of every animal from a mouse to an elephant, but I guess I must have missed one, as none of them seemed to suit. I had to find out what it was. Maybe I would get a prize for discovering a new species of siren for a fire wagon. The sound seemed to come from a little brook flowing along beside the road. The ground along the edge looked solid; so I stepped out gracefully and plunged nearly up to my hips in mud. No wonder the "what-che-may-call-it" was squalling, if it was stuck like I was. I then proceeded to pull the branches of a shrub aside, and lo, and behold! if there wasn't a wretched cat—no, I mean a wee small kitten. If it had been a cat, I would have left it, and said all the nice things that I could think of that Webster ever printed; but it yowled all the worse, which made me want to say everything that Webster never printed.

Well, to begin with, I was nearly five miles from home, but I decided to take the thing with me. So I started out. It must have been Friday, the thirteenth, or the end of a perfect day, or something.

The cat was screeching and digging his or her claws into my neck. Anyway I would be thought to be kind to dumb animals, although I couldn't see that this one was dumb. Soon I met a group of women; and above the din, I heard a female voice say, "Don't hurt the pussy. Don't drown it." I couldn't reply. The choice words I wanted to say didn't seem to exist. I was glad I didn't live around that neighborhood. Pretty soon I struck town; and I surely struck it. More female voices began to lament. No, not over my sufferings but over the cat's. "Well," I said, "I am glad I don't live with those 'cats'; one is enough." No, this is not all. I was nearing home. The nearer I got, the more people cried, "Oh! don't hurt that cat." My patience was gone. Across the street a little girl cried, "Poor Pussy!" Next door somebody yelled, "You bad boy; you are hurting a defenseless cat." I turned into our yard. My mother would know which one was the more defenseless, I or the cat. Much to my anguish and terror the cat started to climb on my head, yowling and screeching. My mother came running out. "Stop hurting that cat this very minute. What do you mean by such actions? Come, pussy, nice pussy—"

I'll not finish it—language is not strong enough.

JOHN FREEMAN, '20.

### In the Land of Make Believe.

BY A JUNIOR.

In the Land of Make Believe upon the Cliff of Thought is found the Castle of Dreams. Dame Fortune dwells here and she is very fond of the Juniors of R. I. H. S. The esteemed Junior president, "Bill" Stewart, is one of her favored chil-



dren, and he makes it his business to visit Dame Fortune whenever he is not otherwise engaged. (With Madeline?!)

One day this good woman gave a reception in honor of the Junior class of '20. Of course, the first to arrive was "Bill" Stewart and his inseparable. In a few minutes "Tilly" Taber "jazzed" into the ball-room escorting Joyce. William Smith and Gladys Hanson began to one-step, and soon the room was filled with whirling Juniors. During a pause in the music, Edward Quinlan asked John if he was a Freeman. "Not this evening," replied John, "for I'm really very much attached to someone."

Helge Carlson caused a broken heart when he asked Leslie if he had been living since the Flood. But Alice Heimbeck, in her comforting way, told little Leslie not to cry; "For," said she, "perhaps Eleanore Souders broken hearts."

Dame Fortune had prepared a program for her guests, and when the evening was half over she invited them all into her drawing room. "Bertie" Baker sang "Oh Where Does Alice Journey?" and Marguerite Cook gave a reading entitled, "Nathan, the Dealer in Marblestone." Then "Dip" and "Cille" staged a vaudeville stunt.

While the performance was going on, Herbert Thollander wandered out into the other rooms and got lost, and Bela Metcalf fell into the fountain. Boyer Fisher and Forest Dizotell acted as a rescuing party for the two unfortunates and brought them back just in time to hear Anna Marie Van Duzer give a ukelele solo played with one finger.

The music for the dance started again and away went the Juniors.

Carl Joseph looked as though he were in the "seventh heaven" as he went gliding over the floor. Lillian Benson found a penny in one corner of the room; and as no one claimed it, she kept it. Helen Moore had an argument with Jerome Doyle and won by a great majority of points. Bernard Andrews, Alice Baker and Mary Hemenway acted as jurymen.

During almost the entire evening, Charles Mixter talked automobile to Russell Olson who thinks a Ford is the only car. Linville Cox was overheard saying to Wilford Eiteman, "With talents like yours, why don't you play the Jew's

harp?"

Little Allen Milstead got all excited when the refreshments appeared, and poor Robert Thompson spilled the punch. It was certainly very queer the way the cherries on the chocolate cake disappeared. Hartzell Huntley looked like the "cat who ate the canary." Maude Burch got the penny in the cake; Richard Ullemeyer, the thimble; and Esther Nothstein, the ring.

Shortly after the refreshments, the happy Juniors began getting ready to go home. As usual "Sibby" Sybrant was looking for her hat and Leo Herbert simply could not find his gloves. Winifred Hawes was the discoverer, finding the missing articles behind the draperies of one of the windows.

As they went out of the door, "Bill" thanked Dame Fortune for the good time she had given "his" class. She replied that she was amply paid when she looked at all their happy faces. As they went down the walk from her home, Dorothy Kenworthy was heard to say, "My, I'm glad I'm a Junior. Let's give three cheers for the class of '20." And they did. Dame Fortune, standing in the door of her home, heard them and said, "They are my favorite children."

---

The class that does things plenty  
Is the class of nineteen twenty.

---

Mr. Kimmel: "What did you find to be the habits of this worm?"

Student: "I don't know."

Mr. K.: "Didn't you study it?"

Student: "Yes, but it was dead."

---

Ernie: "Ducks always fly in one direction."

Paul: "No, they don't. I saw some flying west and the next day they flew east."

Ernie: "They may not have been the same ducks."

---

Here's a good one: Anna Marie Van Duzer thought a cylindrical vessel was a round ship!

---

Junior boys, beware of anything dangerous — especially red-haired Freshmen!





**"Caught 'Em et Last."**

MARGARET MONROE, '21.

"Any more logs gone ez you can see, Matthew?" anxiously inquired Samantha as her husband entered the spotless kitchen.

"Well, no, I was jest a thinkin'," answered Matthew, as he sat down before the open fire, "as how ol' Bill Simon and that air Black Jack, ez they call 'em, might be mixed up in this 'ere bizness o' stealin' my logs, consider'n' what John Dawson tol' me down t' the bank to-day. John sez he wuz woke up 'long 'bout midnight to go for Doc Conaling, 'cause Suzzy was sick. Jes' as he was drivin' around down here at the end of our tract, he seen a gang o' fellers in our quarter. He thought Bill Simon and Black Jack was with 'em.

"We might ——" The sentence was left unfinished, for Matthew once more resumed his reflections. "Any mail to-day, Samantha?"

"I declare, I entirely fergot to send Nat after it. Nat! oh, Nat!"

Nat, a tall bright boy of about twelve years, ascended the steps into the kitchen.

"Well now, Nat," began Matthew, "ma sez ez how she fergot to send you for the mail, so's you'll have to go now. Hurry and get baek 'fore the supper's done."

"Don't go stoppin' to play with no dogs on the way," Samantha called after him.

Nat went whistling along the dark, lonesome country road. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a shaggy black dog coming up from behind him.

"Hello, Queen," said the lover of dogs, forgetting his mother's parting warning.

No sooner had he said this, than the dog made a leap and started in hot pursuit of a rabbit whose ill fortune it was to pass by at that moment. Nat, too, joined in

the chase. Suddenly he halted, for he thought he heard voices and saw figures in the distance. What! were these the thieves? But why so early? Trembling, Nat advanced until he was within fifty yards of them. Hiding himself behind a tree, he could see a long lumber wagon upon which six men were loading some of the best logs of his father's yellow pine. What should he do? The conversation he overheard convinced him.

"S'pose we'll be able to git this all loaded in half an hour?"

"Sure's you live. Can't tell when ol' Mattu might come 'round. Work fast, boys. This 'ere ought to bring us pretty nigh ont' six thousand."

Half an hour! Something *must* be done or the best logs of the forest would be gone! Nat stealthily crept along until he reached the road. Once on the road he ran like an Olympian; fast, faster, not stopping until he reached the sheriff's office. Breathlessly he told his story.

The sheriff and Nat hastily mounted a nearby horse. A deputy did likewise and followed close behind. On and on they went. The half hour was almost up! Would they be gone? The tree tops loomed in the distance. Nearer and nearer they came. Now on into the woods! Nat was white with anxiety! The sheriff scrambled to the ground! The thieves had not gone! The sheriff drew his gun. He crept silently forward, then—he dashed into the midst of them.

"I arrest ye in the name o' the law," yelled the officer, pointing his gun at the leader, who hastily drew a revolver from his hip pocket and shot at the sheriff. The bullet whizzed past the officer's head. Bang! went the report of the sheriff's gun and the robber leader fell with a thud to the ground.



The fight was over! As their leader had been killed, the rest of the robber gang cowardly surrendered themselves to the sheriff. During the fight they had stood as if riveted to the ground, while the deputy stood with pointed gun before them.

Coming swiftly down the road, carrying a lantern, was Matthew. Nat had rushed home while the battle was raging to get his father.

"Well now," said Matthew to the sheriff, "when I voted fer you las' April, I tol' the fellers you was the best we could get. An' you sure are. Sure 'nough, ef thet feller there wot you got in handcuffs that's Jack. Jes' as I always sez. An' thet feller there wot you got in handcuffs thet ol' Bill Simon. Sure 'nough, jes' as I always sez. Them other fellers, I never heerd tell o' them. Well now, sheriff, I'll help you and your partner to tote these 'ere prisoners of your'n to jail."

Matthew returned from the jail tired with the great excitement and joy of the capture of the thieves. Sitting before the fire, smoking his pipe, and idly gazing into the flames, while Samantha warmed over the "vittles," Matthew remarked, "Well now, gues' we caught 'em et Last."

### Psalm of School Life.

Blessed is the student that talketh not in the Library, nor runneth down the stairs noisily, nor sitteth in the back seat of the scornful, but his delight is in the law of the school. On his studies does he meditate night and day. And he shall be a tree planted on the Superintendent's lawn, and shall receive "A" grades from the hands of the faculty.

He shall speak the tongues of Latin and French, and his tests shall be as clear as the light and his understanding as the noonday. With the "staller" it is not so, but he shall be like the "bluffer" which the faculty "flunketh" away.

Then shall the "staller" be enrolled for another year and shall not receive his diploma.

For the faculty approveth the way of the studious, but the way of the "flunker" shall perish.

### Quotations.

"As cheerful as the day is long."—*Wilma De Long.*

"A firm believer in the power of silence."—*Roy Gibbs.*

"I never stick my nose in other men's porridge."—*Robert Bolster.*

"Of their merits, modest men are dumb."—*Frier McCollister.*

"Let it be said that he spoke like a Webster when he did speak."—*Togie Swanson.*

"He could talk!—Ye gods! How he could talk!"—*Rolf Peterson.*

"Jolly, yet serious—fun loving, yet serene."—*Thesis Hickok.*

"She is known by her smile."—*Mildred Anderson.*

"I believe the boy hath grace in him—he blushes."—*Art Cameron.*

"Gentle she is and of good intent."—*Violet Pascoe.*

"Somewhat in oblivion."—*Herman Goldman.*

"Worry and I have never met."—*John Spencer.*

"His long thumping steps will echo in the Hall of Fame."—*Frank Rosencranz.*

### Notice! Young Men of '21.

To the young men who have been lately adorning the walls at our matinee dances: I am taking great pleasure and honor in introducing to you Miss Julia Moeller. She has generously offered to teach Togie Swanson the latest dances and, as it is possible a few of you are not sure of your dancing steps, here is a fine chance to learn the latest hits. Be sure and grasp this great opportunity she is now offering to you.

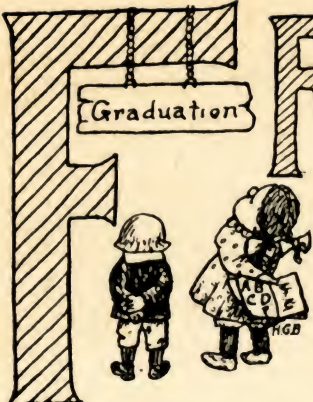
Lessons free of charge. Come early and avoid the rush.

Who was the person and of what gender who ate two dishes of ice-cream at the last Sophomore and Freshmen party?

Marcus Beal does not wish to be bothered any more with taking girls to high school affairs, buying them flowers, candy, etc. In the first place it is too expensive, and then, too—there is only one girl for Marcus. Exit all others.



# FRESHMEN



## The Transformation of a Freshman.

ELIZABETH N. DAHLEN, '22.

Jack McKay was a Freshman. He was, furthermore, good looking, difficult to please, and extremely vain. He had entered high school with the idea of becoming the most prominent person in the school. His vanity told him this would be an easy matter.

At first the boys all rather liked him, but he could not associate with any one long before his self-conceit showed itself. Consequently he had been in school but a short time when everyone with whom he had come in contact was thoroughly disgusted with him. Jack was entirely unaware of this, however, and was still completely satisfied with himself.

One evening after a day in which Jack had been particularly obnoxious to the boys on whom he had thrust himself, a group of these boys were gathered at the home of Ned Lambert. They were discussing various things pertaining to school life, and before the evening was over, Jack was mentioned.

"I tell you what, fellows, we ought to try and teach Jack something. He is unbearable the way he is. I've tried to ditch him time and again, but he's a close sticker," said Ned.

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" asked Rod Mason, another schoolmate of Jack's.

"I've been thinking about it a good deal lately," began Ned.

At this there was a burst of laughter. "Hope you didn't think so much it hurt you," said one.

"No, but honestly, fellows, I think we ought to do something to give him a jolt, but I haven't hit on any good plan yet."

A discussion ensued in which the momentous question was decided to the satisfaction of all concerned. They had de-

cided that Ned Lambert should act just as Jack did, on all occasions.

Some time later Jack met Ned. Ned was carrying out his part of the agreement, and so he did not give Jack a chance to say a word, but began talking about himself in an over-bearing manner, boasting of who he was, how everyone admired him, and making a marvelous event of which he was the hero out of the most ordinary incident. Jack thought Ned was acting very queerly. He had been quite fond of Ned and simply could not account for his strange actions.

Meeting Rod Mason one day after school, he said, "Say, Rod, what in the world has come over Ned Lambert lately? I used to think he was a pretty decent sort of a chap, but his actions were fierce to-day."

"Why, I don't know," answered Rod. "I've always liked Ned. What in particular have you against him?"

"He acts so snobbish, as if nobody were good enough for him. He's got the big head and can't see anything but himself."

"Oh! Is that all?" exclaimed Rod. "I happen to know another boy in school, who has that same particular fault. See if you can spot him!"

For many weeks Jack worked hard, studying all the boys, trying to find the boy who Rod had referred to, but was unsuccessful.

One evening he was wondering about that conversation with Rod. How odd it was that he couldn't discover the boy to whom Rod had referred! Suddenly it dawned on him that it might be himself. Jack reviewed his past actions and then he knew it was he. Probably the boys had all been laughing at him. He resolved



then and there to turn over a new leaf, and he did.

From latest reports, Jack McKay stands a fair chance of realizing his ambition of being the most popular fellow in school.

### A Peep into the Diary of a Desk.

DOROTHY McLANE, '22.

Sept. 15, 1918.

I am a new school desk, I came from the best of the forest. I have the bluest blood of the pines in my veins. I am a back seat in one of the Rock Island High School class rooms. I feel so happy to-night because I can be of some use to mankind. Such a splendid, manly boy sat in me to-day. It was a pleasure to be of use to such an occupant.

Sept. 19, 1918.

Oh dear, to-day such a thoughtless girl sat in me! She kept drawing her pencil over me! It wasn't so bad at first, but she kept it up until I felt as if I should burst into flames! I don't think she meant any harm, but it made the scratch go in deeper and deeper. It spoils my fine looks of which I am so proud.

Oct. 3, 1918.

This afternoon a boy sat in me. He looked rather mischievous, and I felt as if something terrible was going to happen. After a while my torture began. He got out a pen knife and began to carve. Scratch, scratch! He acted just like a regular Hun cutting into my flesh! Anybody who would think of cutting into anything like that must be a terrible boche. I told him in as plain a language as groans can tell, of my pain. Why, the very varnish on my back fairly shrieked! But it seems that "none are so deaf as those who will not hear," so he kept me in my misery until, after a while, a teacher discovered what he was doing and made him stop. It seems, from what I hear from the other desks, that the teachers are the only ones that love and appreciate us.

Oct. 30, 1918.

To-day I went through another stage of torture! Another picture was carved upon me; and while the wound was still sore, a girl rubbed her pencil over them until they were black and oh, so disfigur-

ing! I wish I could have a new coat of varnish. But dear me, I wish those boys and girls who think it is so easy for me to be cleaned would remember that little maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

### Want Ads.

1. As a token of charity we feel that we shall perform a noble deed by presenting Miss Angela Searle with an unbreakable looking glass (you know what kind we mean,—the tin ones). Any contribution to that fund will be greatly appreciated.

2. Viola Scherer will be greatly pleased if some kind person will lend her his fountain pen—especially on Monday mornings.

3. Margaret Ward wishes to announce that she will make a New Year's resolution and carry her own kerchiefs after this.

4. No, Melvina hasn't bought her pencil yet. You know it is easy to forget such a trivial thing when a nice, sociable person comes along.

5. Margaret Montgomery wishes to announce that she will go to only one movie a week instead of three from now on. You know it is so hard on one's nerves.

6. Frances Gmelin wishes someone would contribute a simile for "Oh Slush," as that word is getting quite tiresome.

### The Poor Fresh!

RUTH GRAFSTROM, '22.

A little Freshie wandered  
Far, far into the wood;  
There he met a Sophomore  
And ran as fast he could.

But soon he saw a Junior  
And ran along the lea;  
But when he met a Senior—  
He jumped into the sea.

"I hear that Charles S. has gone into the fruit business," said Harold S. to his neighbor.

"How's that?" asked the other.

"Why, whenever I see him and Milton R. talking together their topics are about peaches, pippens, and dates."



# PRESS NOTES.

## JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY.

How we do wish we could put the Junior-Senior party in our memory books! The page would be filled with "real fun," for on January 24, the Manual Arts building was a "House of Mirth."

Boyer Fisher pleased everybody with his clever introductions and remarks.

We have never thoroughly enjoyed telegrams until we heard the prize winners. We always knew those "kinky-kurls" of Wilford's meant something. Now we know—deep intellect. But he might have taken the advice given him about passing around the candy.

Margaret Cooke always brings happiness with her and her reading, "Manford," was given in her own delightful manner.

And the surprise of the evening! None of us thought we would have such a treat as a trip to the farm. Mr. Matson, the ventriloquist, took us back to our happy summer vacation days at "Granny's."

The Senior quartet will be remembered for their novel exit and their exquisite harmonies. We do not know whether they "Always Take Mother's Advice," but at least they had their mother's (?) apron strings tied to them.

After the program, waiters began to hustle by us, laden down with dainty little plates full of "goodies"—ice cream and cake. Very soon the orchestra wended their way to the piano and the gay lads and lassies all exclaimed, "On With the Dance!"

Without a shadow of doubt, the Mixer held February 17 was the biggest all-star program ever put on in Rock Island High School. Everyone was caught in the fun and there was not a single dull moment.

School Days, the feature act, was a perfect scream from start to finish. The big

success of the Mixer is very largely due to the cleverness and originality of Carl Erbstein as Mr. Smaltz.

The world-famous actors and actresses appeared as follows:

### THE MIXER PROGRAM.

— A —

*Overture*

Paarmann's Orchestra

— B —

*Elwell and Browne*

Muzette Dancing

— C —

*The Jokestown Hotel*

Carl Erbstein and Henrietta Dittmann

— D —

*A Musical Sketch*

Halsie Huron.....Jack, the Husband

Thomas Garrod .....Al

Rose Pewe.....Wife of Jack

Gladys Hansen.....Fiancee of Al

*The Chorus*

Evelyn Hudson      Mabelle Smith

Elizabeth Vogel      Irma Moeller

Norma Moeller      Martha Riddell

Marie Wirt      Ora Gayl Hesser

— E —

*Dopp and Taber*

Those Melodious Boys

— F —

*School Days*

*The Castle*

Lizzie Knowitall.....Nell Elwell

Minnie Sane.....Helen Moore

Purley Girlie.....Agatha Pedersen

Carolyna Fling.....Henrietta Dittmann

Elra Longlies.....Keith Nelson

Ignatz Gukenheimer Cootie.....

..... Vincent McCarthy

Goodrich Dirt.....Leslie Sundeen

Terrifus Cyclonus.....Allen Milstead

Mr. Smaltz (Teacher).....Carl Erbstein

— G —

Dance in Manual Arts



What fun they did have on January 31st at the Freshman-Sophomore party! Joy was hiding in every corner of the room and she scattered laughter and happiness everywhere.

It was like going to the circus, for they even fed peanuts—no, not to monkeys, but to deers. Even if Helen and Togie were a little slow in consuming their bagful, they paid the forfeit, by singing "Smiles" in a very delightful manner.

The ice cream and cake brought forth more smiles. After this dainty little lunch, the Oriental Jazz Orchestra was ushered in, and when "tuned up," dancing started. Dick Frey's beaming face was very visible. He danced almost the whole evening with one particular person.

Everyone had a gloriously good time at their first joint-class party and are looking forward with much anticipation to the next one.

We thought we were still dreaming Friday morning, February 24, when upon entering the building we saw our former principal, Mr. Burton, towering over the throng gathered about him. And when he stepped upon the assembly room platform, leaning against his old desk, we wondered if a year had been dropped out of our calendar; it seemed so much like old times.

We were glad to hear his familiar voice; and glad to know that he, too, has been lonesome. We thank Mr. Burton for his kind expression of interest in us and in our future; and in turn we extend to him our best wishes for his continued success.

Our program for the morning consisted of something very unusual: a ukelele and singing trio, composed of Margaret Esther McLane, Anna Marie Van Duzer, and Dorothy McLane. We hope to hear more from these girls. Thesis Hickok pleased us very much with her reading, "The Coward."

A miniature "pep" meeting completed the program.

#### R. I. H. S. MEETING.

On February 2, 1919, the Patriotic League of the Rock Island High School held its regular meeting at which the election of officers was held. The following were elected to serve for the coming term:

President—Rose Ziffrin.

Vice President—Francis Medill.

Secretary—Vesta Dempsey.

Treasurer—Margaret Anderson.

Now that the war has ended, there is no need to have a Patriotic League, so with the unanimous consent of the League members, the Patriotic League of the Rock Island High School was changed to the Rock Island High School Girls' Club. The League will go under this name in the future.

Because the war is ended do not think that you have no other work to do. Every girl, join this organization which bears the name of your school, and help to better the school by setting high examples for the others.

The club welcomes any new members desirous of lending co-operation for the purpose of supporting the Rock Island High School.

#### STUDENT COUNCIL.

The Student Council wishes to call attention to the following important improvements and laws which have been made:

1. A student is allowed five credits less than the actual requirements of his class to participate in social and athletic activities.

2. No one shall be considered eligible to take part in the social activities of the Rock Island High School until he has paid his ten cents, associated student dues.

3. A campaign against throwing paper has been put on by the Associated Students. Already much improvement has been noted. Also, monitors have been appointed to maintain order at the doors during the noon hour.

4. Only those students to whom the "R. I." emblem is awarded are privileged to wear it. If worn by anyone else, the R. I. is confiscated.

5. The Athletic Board of Control will decide who shall receive complimentary tickets for athletic contests.

6. On March 6, 1919, the faculty advisors of the Council were chosen. They are Mrs. Eastman, Miss Hudson, Mr. Houghtby and Mr. Burch.

Many other problems concerning the students and school interests have been discussed but have not yet been acted upon.



## ALUMNI

The following is as complete a list of the boys who have been discharged from the service, as the WATCH TOWER staff has been able to obtain to date, omitting those which were in the last issue. The editor would appreciate it if everybody would co-operate in keeping this list as nearly up to date as possible.

Robert Ackley, '16, Corp., Battery B, discharged Jan. 20, 1919.

Walter Behn, ex. '09, Serg. Major, Aero Construction Squadron, discharged Jan. 25, 1919.

Walter Bergindorff, '17, Corp., Battery D, discharged Jan. 22, 1919.

Owen J. Brien, '08, Corp., Spruce Div. Aviation Corps, discharged Dec. 10, 1918.

Clifford T. Burns, '14, 2nd Class Yeoman, U. S. Navy, discharged Jan. 8, 1919.

Earl Chalk, '14, 1st Lieut., Depot Brigade, discharged Dec. 3, 1918.

James B. Clark, '12, Priv., Battery B, discharged Dec. 28, 1918.

Lewis H. Crandall, '13, Recruit, Battery D, discharged Dec. 22, 1918.

Keith Dooley, ex. '13, 2nd Lieut., Depot Brigade, discharged Dec. 10, 1918.

Brue Edwards, ex. '16, Sgt., discharged Jan. 9, 1919.

Isadore Erbstein, ex. '16, Mechanic, Battery D, discharged Jan. 7, 1919.

Charles Horton, ex. '13, Corp., discharged Jan. 25, 1919.

Cecil F. Kock, '13, 2nd Lieut., Flying Cadet, discharged Dec. 11, 1918.

Kenneth Kone, ex. '13, Corp., discharged Dec. 22, 1918.

John Lamp, ex. '14, Priv., Battery D, discharged Jan. 20, 1919.

Curt Lundeen, '10, Priv., Ordnance Dept., discharged Dec. 19, 1918.

George McDonald, '14, Naval Radio Operator, discharged Dec. 19, 1918.

Robert E. Galvin, '12, Private, discharged Feb. 28, 1919.

Dudley Marshall, '99, Captain, date of discharge not known.

James Morse, ex. '14, Corp., Ordnance Dept., discharged Jan. 27, 1919.

Hugo Mosenfelder, ex. '11, Corp., discharged Feb. 18, 1919.

George Nuessli, '12, Sgt., discharged Jan. 15, 1919.

Jerome O'Connor, '09, 2nd Lieut., date of discharge not known.

Leroy Philbrook, ex. '13, Sgt., Battery D, discharged Feb. 15, 1919.

Robert E. Pearce, ex. '16, Lieut., discharged Jan. 8, 1919.

John Paridon, Private, discharged Feb. 10, 1919.

Glenn Reid, '13, Corp., date of discharge unknown.

William Rinck, date of discharge unknown.

William Roth, Private, discharged Feb. 4, 1919.

Dillon Sperry, ex. '15, Lieut., Battery D, date of discharge unknown.

Chester Thompson, ex. '11, Corp., discharged Dec. 20, 1918.

Donald Vance, '13, Lieut., date of discharge not known.

Raymond Walker, '12, Second Lieut., discharged Dec. 30, 1918.

A. B. Montgomery.

Forest Baumbach, '14, Corp., Telegraph Btln.

Frank Bladel, '13, Private, Signal Corps, discharged Jan. 18, 1919.

Vernon Hendron, '17, 2nd Lieut., discharged Nov. 30, 1918.

Claude D. Kipp, '14, Private, discharged Dec. 24, 1918.

Walter Beck, '13, Sgt., discharged Feb. 5, 1919.

**On January 10, Anna L. Vogele passed away at her home in Rock Island after an illness of several months. Anna was graduated from high school in the class of 1917. She was a valuable member not only of her class, but also of the school. Her earnestness as a student, her cheerfulness and kindness, and her readiness always to do her part won her the friendship and esteem of all who knew her. In behalf of the Alumni and the school, the Watch Tower extends its sincere sympathy to her parents and family.**





We deeply mourn the passing of the Bachelors' Club. Dick Sinn and Francis Dunn, the last two staunch upholders, have heeded Dan Cupid's beckoning and are now drifting on the sea of heavenly bliss. We hope Reno is not among their stops.

Who is the little young lady who signs herself "Cutie"? We should think she would use a little more tact in her distribution of heart secrets. However, Andy is immune.

Seen on Mixer tickets:

Vaudeville                      Dance.

Admission 25c      No admission

Well, a *few* slipped in anyway!

Dot Kaupke, one of our sweet Seniors, believes in keeping up with the times. She has recently entered the aviation corps. Dottie possesses real talent, we know, for on one occasion she has given her conception of a perfect nose dive to Mother Earth. Exhibitions held ever-so-often on Second avenue.

We have all noticed the newly installed solitaire on the third finger of Alice Wilson's hand. Does this call for congratulations, Alice?

Lee Holcombe, alias Nelson, hereby notifies the public that he will not be responsible for any fibs contracted by Bernice Marshall. All diplomatic relations, if any, are forever severed!

Three forlorn, little "kids" between the ages of five and seven were found crying in the halls of R. I. H. S. Along came one of the prettiest teachers and inquired into the matter.

"We're losted," the three caroled, the tears falling fast and furiously.

Our pretty teacher got right down to business, and clasping one che-e-ild by the hand, she hurried straight to the office, while the other two of the trio followed in her wake.

The only other thing we know about the matter is that the "kids" enjoyed six o'clock dinner with their daddies and their mummies.

Herman Goldman, alias Rubber, has been paying quite a bit of attention to a certain coquettish Junior. They have quite a "case" on one another. The latter statement the young lady most emphatically denies. But then the fairer sex deem it fashionable to deny affairs of the heart. Nobody's business, as 'twere.

Has your car been in perfect condition, Ben, since you had that exciting drive? Cheer up, Dottie. Ben will soon show you how to miss the bumps and curbs.

John Eberhart knows good Hawaiian dancing when he sees it; that's why he threw roses at his Sweet Patoosie.

We have heard of ankle-watches, but what's this new fad, Dip, of ankle-bows of plaid ribbon?

Les Sundeen's back bears the prints of numerous feet since the Galesburg game. Any inventions for use next year, for sticking in bed under all bombardments will be welcomed by him.

Jimmy has found the way to Cille's heart—thru her sweet-tooth and also thru the mail.





# Athletics

I. ROBERTS

## Class Tournament.

The fast Senior team started the annual class tournament with a victory over the Freshmen. The game was very one sided and the Freshmen could do nothing against the big Seniors who managed to roll in 6 points. The Seniors could not find the basket at first, but piled up a score of 34. Davenport starred for the Freshmen while Munroe and McCarthy played a fast game for the Seniors.

The Junior-Sophomore game was one of the most exciting of the tournament. The teams were almost evenly matched and kept the score parallel for the greater part of the game. Both teams gave a hard fight and the Sophs just managed to put in an extra basket, winning the game 28 to 27.

The Seniors turned the trick on the Sophs the second night. The Sophs made a good start and were ahead at the end of the first half of the game. In the last period the Seniors woke up and came out at the large end of the score which was 27 to 32. Dopp played for the first time with the Seniors and was largely responsible for the victory. Lincke also played a good game.

The Juniors were riled at their defeat at the hands of the Sophomores and vented their wrath on the heads of the innocent Freshies. They played rings round them and piled up a score of 37 to 3.

The last night of the tournament was the most exciting. The Seniors seemed to have the championship cinched. The first game was uninteresting. The Sophomores beat the Freshmen easily. The game was a runaway, the Sophs throwing baskets when ever they pleased. The final score was 76 to 11.

The great surprise that upset all dope was the defeat of the Senior team by the Juniors. The Juniors staged a regular comeback and made the score decisive, winning 27 to 14. There is a discussion now as to who won the tournament. All three upper classes have won three games and lost one. Perhaps the safest way would be to let it go as a tie.

### Line-up.

Seniors: McCarthy F.; Erbstein, F.; Lincke, C.; Munroe, G.; Dopp, G.

Juniors: Anderson, F.; Dizotell, F.; Greve, C.; Blankenburg, C.; Ohlweiler, G.

Sophomores: Henke, F.; Parks, F.; Sundeen, C.; Duffin, G.; Lamont, G.

Freshmen: Davenport, F.; Peterson, F.; McNeil, C.; Licata, G.; Ryerson, G.

## ALUMNI, 53. ROCK ISLAND, 32.

The High School five were given a good walloping in this first game of the season with the Alumni. The Alumni had one players were old college and high school players were old college and high school stars. The High School played hard, but the graduates had more experience and shooting skill and when the Taber brothers and Dempsey worked their combination, a score was sure to result. The final count was 53 to 32.

### Line-up.

Rock Island.	Alumni.
Greve .....	L. G. .... Heimbeck
Dopp .....	R. G. .... Morris
Anderson .....	C. .... Dempsey
Henke .....	L. F. .... A. Taber
Parks .....	R. F. .... E. Taber

## ROCK ISLAND, 35. KEWANEE, 24.

The High School five added another victory to their string by defeating the



strong Kewanee team. The game was a hard fought one and it was only by superior team work that the Islanders came out ahead. Anderson and Dopp played a stellar game for Rock Island. Parks, Dizotell and Greve also played a good game.

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ROCK ISLAND, 29. ABINGDON, 18.

Rock Island won another victory. Abingdon was the victim in that game on their home floor. The first half was a regular fight and the score was a tie 9 to 9. For a while it looked as though Rock Island would lose the game, but they braced up and turned the tide winning 29 to 18.

*Line-up.*

Rock Island.	Abingdon.
Parks .....	F. .... Babbitt
Duffin .....	F. .... Cozier
Anderson .....	C. .... Guinter
Dopp .....	C. .... Nelson
Greve .....	G. .... Palmer

---

ROCK ISLAND, 75. GENESEO, 19.

The High School quintet ran away with a one-sided game at the local Y. M. C. A. Geneseo was completely out-classed. The Islanders showed good team work and basket shooting ability. They managed to mass up 42 points to Geneseo's 5 in the first half. In the final period, Rock Island substituted a few men to give them practice, consequently we only got 33 points while Geneseo rolled in 14. Paul Anderson starred for the Islanders, rolled in 20 baskets.

*Line-up.*

Rock Island.	Geneseo.
Parks .....	R. F. .... Kay
Dizotell .....	L. F. .... Snodgrass
Anderson .....	C. .... B. Shultz
Duffin .....	R. G. .... A. Shultz
Dopp .....	L. G. .... Keenan

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ROCK ISLAND, 37. MOLINE, 16.

Rock Island took one more step toward the tri-city championship by an overwhelming defeat of Moline. It was the hardest fought game of the season. The game was played on the Moline floor, so it gave them somewhat of an advantage. The fight was hard at some points and a great many fouls were called. Moline had good

team work, but could not locate the elusive hoop after they had gotten the ball down the floor. The Islanders played a defensive game, keeping three men at Moline's end most of the time. Dopp and Anderson were the stars at rolling the baskets.

*Line-up.*

Rock Island.	Moline.
Parks .....	R. F. .... Driggs
Duffin .....	L. F. .... Samuelson
Anderson .....	C. .... Hoyt
Dopp .....	R. G. .... Wilson
Greve .....	L. G. .... Green

---

ROCK ISLAND, 14. DAVENPORT, 6.

Rock Island played the first game for the Tri-City championship against the strong Davenport five. The first half was pretty even and it looked blue for the Islanders.

They came back in the last half and copped the battle by a decisive score. Davenport's alibi was that their star players were not in the game, but we could beat them if the team were all stars. Paul Anderson was the individual star for Rock Island. He was all over the floor, and rolled in the majority of scores for Rock Island. Dopp played a good game at guard position.

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ROCK ISLAND, 51. ABINGDON, 22.

This game was expected to be a hard one for the Islander squad as Abingdon had given them a stiff fight in a previous game. Abingdon seems to have lost her pep and Rock Island walked away with the game.

Anderson as usual was the star for Rock Island, rolling in ten baskets. Parks also played a fast game. In the final period a bunch of second string men were run in for Rock Island. They managed to run in 21 points, letting Abingdon get only 13.

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ROCK ISLAND, 28. EAST MOLINE, 12.

The squad had a fine evening's practice out of the East Moline team. The Islanders, however, did not show their best form. They missed several easy shots, but their team work was good. Second team men were given practice in the last half of the game. East Moline certainly has a scrappy little team and is beginning to make its place in school athletics.



**ROCK ISLAND, 33. DAVENPORT, 22.**

The Rock Island basketball five put the cinch on the Tri-City championship by defeating the Davenport aggregation. The game was a fast one, and hard fought all the time. In the last half, Davenport tried all their rough tactics, and tried to lay out the local players. In the first five minutes neither team could score. Dopp started the scoring for Rock Island with a free throw. At the end of the half, the score was 19 to 11 in our favor. Davenport tried hard to make up these points in the last half, but only succeeded in getting 11 while Rock Island acquired 14. Dopp and Anderson were the stars for Rock Island, working a combination that netted a basket every time.

*Line-up.*

Rock Island.	Davenport.
Parks .....	R. F..... Schick
Duffin .....	L. F..... Makever
Anderson .....	C..... Krasuski
Dopp .....	R. G..... Stengle
Greve .....	L. G..... Lofgren

**ROCK ISLAND, 19. ELMWOOD, 12.**

This was one of the hardest games the local five have had a chance to play this year. Elmwood has made a good record so far this year; but when they hit our all-star aggregation, they went "katlovey." They gave us a hard fought game at any rate, which is much appreciated by the fans. Elmwood is said to be one of the strongest teams in the state, so our chances for a State Championship are high.

**Galesburg District Tournament.**

The first game Rock Island played was an easy one. With a team composed partly of second team men they brought home the bacon to the tune of 32 to 21.

We played the second game with DePue and had a complete walkaway. The final score was 43 to 15. Anderson played a wonderful game against DePue, putting in 15 baskets.

Rock Island had a harder game with Spring Valley, but by team work and stiff playing won by 34 to 21. The Spring Valley bunch were fast and good basketball shooters. They gave Rock Island a run for their money, tying the score at the end of the first half 13 to 13; and at the

end of the third quarter the score was still tied 20 all. By hard playing we ran up a score of 34 in the last quarter.

The last game for the championship was played with Galesburg. It was the most thrilling basketball game ever played. In the first half, Galesburg went through Rock Island like a whirlwind, piling up an overwhelming advantage of 15 to 3. The Galesburg guards hung on Anderson so he could not do much. All hope of winning the tournament vanished. The Rock Island rooters were hysterical but kept on yelling. The last half was nerve racking. Rock Island rolled in a basket now and then, and kept raising the score near to Galesburg's. By the superb guarding Galesburg was allowed only one foul basket. We at last managed to get enough baskets to make a score of 15 while Galesburg had 16 points. Just about half a second before the whistle blew, Parks threw the ball from the middle of the floor, and it went through the basket without touching the rim, making us District Champions by a score of 18 to 16; and then, well, the fans just naturally tore the town to pieces. We got two men on the all-tournament team. Dopp (captain) and Ray Parks. Anderson failed to get on because of his famed ability at basket shooting. The other teams hung on him and kept him from making a good record. Greve and Duffin played a wonderful guarding game.

**State Tournament.**

The High School's hopes of a state basket-ball championship were dashed by their defeat at the hand of Herrin. The local boys were in poor condition and could not stand up under the hard grind. Herrin led the score at the end of the first half. By hard work we succeeded in getting a small lead, 13 to 11, in the last half. The boys were all in by this time, and in the last few minutes of the game, Herrin threw several baskets in succession, winning the game 18 to 14. Rock Island was thus eliminated, and Herrin went to the semi-finals after defeating another team. In the semi-finals, Herrin gave Springfield a close game; so we think it is no disgrace to be defeated by so good a team.

The team which represented Rock Island was composed of Dopp (captain), Parks, Anderson, Duffin, Greve.





# JOKES



Marvin L.: "Where do you sit in the assembly?"

Clark V.: "In Karo" (K row).

Heinie Lamp: "Gee, but I feel sick!"

Kenneth H.: "You do? Where?"

Heinie: "In school."

Charles M.: "What's the use of cussing so continuously?"

Ben: "The darned car won't go."

Charles: "Well, you can't run it by lung power."

Leona B.: "Can you keep a secret, Iona?"

Iona: "Yes, but it's always my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

New jokes are very hard to find;

That is, the ones that make you laugh. So if you find one that is good

Present it to the TOWER Staff.

Mardell W.: "Why does Paul Anderson take Rose Pewe to Zoo every morning?"

Rose Z.: "Child, you have a great deal to learn."

Linville Cox: "Hello, Helgie, what's the matter? Fall off your bike?"

Helge: "No. I was trying to reach a top shelf by standing on some dictionaries and they gave way."

Linville: "I see — words failed you."

Social Light—Till Taber.

Noisiest—Art Cameron.

Best Singer—Dick Dopp.

Biggest Eater—Dick Ramser; High School Skeleton.

The Best Laughter—Snap — no competitor.

Best Story Tellers—Olga and Bernice.

Dear Editor:

Please don't put anything in the WATCH TOWER about us. JOHN AND JERRY.

Miss Bisbee: "Margaret Esther, why do you think Ophelia was insane?"

Peggy: "She was singing."

Freshman: "I forgot to bring my oral theme to school."

HEARD IN THE DECLAMS.

"One look was enough to tell him he was dead. His head was missing."

"They shook their lips and bit their heads."

Miss Hudson: "Who can tell me what battle during the history of Greece was similar to a battle during the Civil War?"

Wilson P.: "The Battle of Bay Rum."

"Come here. I want to show you something funny."

"Oh, I can see you from here."

WHAT THEY ARE THANKFUL FOR.

Ray—Dot.

Dorothy C.—"He took me home."

Carl E.—"Oh, she'll never come back —"

Gail H.—"My hair looks so well since the tournament."

Bill S.—"My auburn-haired girl."

Rose Z.—"I am a spinster."

Helge C.—"Scenery. Hills a specialty."

Reid—"I didn't have to get behind the bed."

Keith—"I got a back seat coming home."

AROUND REPORT CARD TIME.

Austin Wilson—I'm C sick.

Margaret Mercer—I'm stung by B's.



Marjorie: "Fashion says that brown shoes are much worn."

Marcus: "I must be right in style then; mine are."

Aileen: "Why didn't Coleridge have the Ancient Mariner stop the Bridegroom instead of the Wedding Guest?"

Miss Bisbee: "Well, it would be hardly fair to keep the Bridegroom waiting."

Regina W. (handing in back work): "Now, Mrs. Condon, I'm all in."

Miss Grady: "How can you tell whether this can be factored or not?"

Dick Sinn: "By looking at it."

Miss Grady: "But how would you know then?"

Dick: "You could see."

Come to dinner in Miss Grady's 11B Algebra Class—

Dan Murphy: "The 8th problem is on the side-board" (Sideboard).

Paul Sommer is searching the waste-paper basket.

Charles Mixer: "Looking for Jokes, Paul?"

Mr. Gill: "Face the front, Margaret."

Margaret: "It's too dangerous, Mr. Gill."

Mr. Gill: "Grace, will you explain the difference between a proposal and a proposition?"

Grace: "Why ask me?"

Voice: "Experience teachers, Mr. Gill, you tell 'em."

Dear Madame X:

Will you kindly tell me why Canton Carnes has been looking so mysterious of late?

FORREST DIZOTELL.

Dear Dizzy:

S-s-h-h! Canton has a deep, dark secret and won't tell anyone. You'll be some Sherlock if you find it out.

Dear Madame X:

Why is Marion Brown found so frequently about the shoe department in one of our local department stores? Can it be that she wears out so many pairs of shoes that she is kept busy purchasing new ones?

JERRY WHITNEY.

Dear Jerry:

You don't mean to tell me that you didn't know that the fair Marion prides herself on knowing the vogue in shoes! They do say that a "floor-walker" is Marion's Bureau of Information.

Dear Madame X:

Why do girls smile at me? Are they smiles of admiration?

DICK DOPP.

My dear Dick:

They weren't smiling, they were laughing. Get it?

Dear Madame X:

Why do the Seniors and Juniors occupy all the available seats in the "Q" row? I'd like to sit there, but the teacher won't let me. Why not?

WILSON PAYNE.

Dear Wilson:

The teacher must like you or she wouldn't protect your health like that. Seniors and Juniors are simply ferocious if their Q row is invaded by mere Freshmen.

## COMING!

APRIL 24 and 25, 1919

The Senior Class of 1919 Present

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

WITH ALL STAR CAST

At Illinois Theater — Worth Seeing — Don't Miss It



# Carron's Dancing School

FOR HIGH SCHOOL

YOUNG FOLKS

## Community Hall

30th Street and 14th Avenue ~ Rock Island, Ill.

### EVERY SAT. AFTERNOON

Instructions 2.30—3.30

Social Dancing 3.30—5

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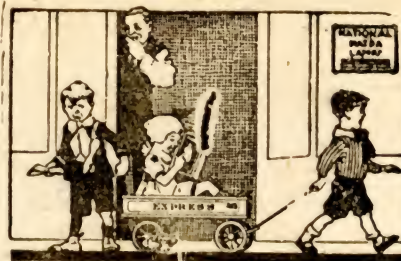
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How can I tell my masculine callers to  
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GLADYS NELSON.

Dear Gladys:

Have Papa wind the clock, yawn luxu-  
riously, drop his shoes, put the cat out,  
and put Towser in the cellar. Just about  
that time hand the young man his hat and  
bid him Bon Soir.

"Doc" Sommer has taken up a new  
phase of his English work. He is study-  
ing a Thesis now.

John E.: "Ora Gayl, won't you be my  
partner——"

Ora Gayl: "Oh, John, this is so sud-  
den. Please give me time to——"

John E. (continuing): "For the next  
dance?"

Ora Gayl (continuing): "Catch my  
breath from the last dance."

Dick Frey has mastered the art of  
pressing his curly-gurly locks. "Little  
Magic" does the work. Here's your  
chance, Wilford; don't fail to learn the  
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all our Bulk Garden Seeds before we  
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### McKINLEY HARDWARE COMPANY

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227—18 Street

Paul S.: "Can you give me the date of the Senior-Junior party?"

Thesis: "Oh, Paul, don't ask me for any dates."

Dick Sinn claims the originality of this one.

The car barn serves as a half-way stop for many of our students. But then, you know, only once or twice a week and those long, solitary walks from the barn home are so refreshing and invigorating. It also gives one time to live all those sweet memories over again.

Erbie: "Rock Island is going to contest the game with Herrin."

Mary: "Why's that?"

Erbie: "'Cause it's a cod-fish."

Nell: "Oh, how good those peanuts smell!"

Boyer: "Wait till I crank the car and we'll drive closer."

Robley Biehl: "I have to write a joke for the Tower and I can't think of a thing."

Peggy: "Just think of yourself."

Exclusive Place in Rock Island for  
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All Vulcanizing Guaranteed.

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We take the entire family wash and finish it ready for use.

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time at

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Cor. 18 Street and 2nd Avenue

Phone R. I. 1365

Bill: "Going down to see Ben?"

K.: "No, going down to see Hur."

Notes are receiving a fair distribution these days. Have you noticed the glowing countenance of Charlotte Bladel each time Fryer passes her in the hall? Have you seen Snap smuggling her long epistles into her books? And here's what we heard Charlotte Kushman say: "I'll answer them all this noon."

Agnes Algie and Tilly like to visit the biology room on party nights.

AT THE HOTEL CUSTER.

Bill: "Waiter."

Waiter: "Yes, Sir."

Bill: "What's this?"

Waiter: "It's bean soup."

Bill: "Well, no matter what it has been, but what is it now?"

John Freeman prides himself on his social calendar for the week.

A different girl each night.

The Spinster Club now and then  
Talks about the best of men.

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